

The Planet of Bossy Women

Well, predictably, I put off the decision till practically the terminal second.

And now the only space elevator available goes to The Planet of Bossy Women.

And even that isn't sure. I have to pass a physical.

I read up on it, hoping it isn't that bad--having found, at least on Earth, that I could frequently hide. One good thing is that they promise the best TV coverage of the massive destruction, their following for a century the fireball barrel-assing our way

"And when it's finally a blackened cinder hurtling off to nowhere, you'll rejoice
in your choice of PBW!" Oh well, their propaganda no worse than ours
I suppose.

They send down a medical team led by a lady in white who'd take a size 60 men's suit. She singles me out. "Get those pants off and I mean now!"

"Jeez!" I exclaim.

"Your crackpot ideologies will no longer help you!"

"I didn't think so."

"Pants!"